

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene;
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompaigned: For though the Cammo-
mille, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest;
for *Harry,* now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his looks: if
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,
him keepe with, the rest banish; and tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou sit
and he play my father.

Fal. D'pose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so
both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles
bet-sucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge, my masters.

Prince. Now *Harry,* whence come you?

Fal. My Noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle
young *Prince* yfaith.

Prince. Swarest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; thou
well haunts in the likenesse of a fat old man, a tumbler
thy companion; why dost thou conuerse with that
humors, that boulding-butch of beastlinesse, that swol-
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff of
of-gutts, that roasted Manning-tree Oxe with the pud-
belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that fa-
fian, that vanity in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to car-
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein c-
in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? whe-
thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Graces would take me with you
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of y-
staffe, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the mo-
tie) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (a
reuerence) a whoremaster, that I vterly deny: if
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicke d: if to be old and
a sinne, then many an old Oast that I know, is damn'd
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are so
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, banish